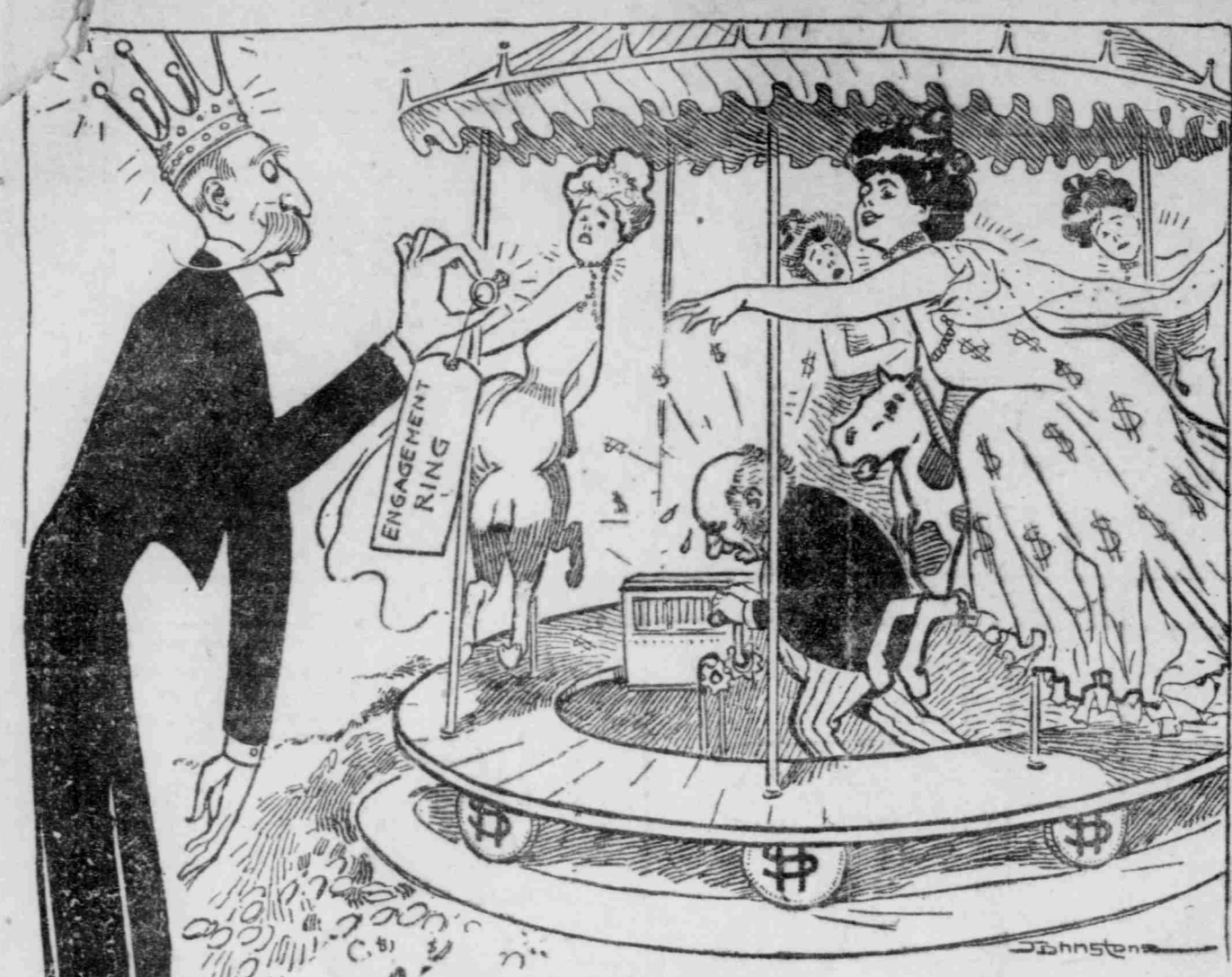


REPE THE MARRY-GO-ROUND.



In these days of titled men marrying for fortunes and American girls of wealth marrying for title, where does Dan Cupid come in? Can you see him in the picture? And who is it that is furnishing the power—the dollars—that will enable some fair contestant, in this mad race for a titled name, to reach out and grasp the coveted prize of an engagement ring that will enable her some day to call herself "countess" or "duchess"?

Delicate Appetite.
"It's awful trying, this catering to a sick girl," Mrs. Douglas confessed to the friendly visitor who had called to inquire for Amy.
"I believe this convalescent business comes harder on me than her real sickness," continued Mrs. Douglas, with a deep sigh. "I'm that put to it to get something that she'll eat with a relish, I get all riled up sometimes trying to tempt her."
The visitor murmured something sympathetic, and thus encouraged, Mrs. Douglas went on.
"Only yesterday," she said, "I got her a pork chop and five cents' worth of marshmallows for her dinner, and if you'll believe me she turned up her nose and said she couldn't eat a bite."—Youth's Companion.

A Worm's Work.
A teacher was asking the children what trades their fathers followed, but one little girl at first refused to tell. "Come, Rosie, you must tell," said the teacher.
"Well, ma'am, he's a worm-eater," said Rosie.
"A worm-eater?"
"Yes, ma'am. A worm-eater in an antique."
The puzzled teacher made a journey to Rosie's home and found it was all true. Her father's work was boring little worms into imitation antique furniture to make it look genuine.—Youth's Companion.

A London "Beat."
The front wall of the Foundling Hospital has been repainted.—London Chronicle.

The Diary of an Explorer.

By C. B. QUINCY.

AFRICA is a bigger place than I thought, and singularly lacking in accommodations. Ground is about the only thing that's plentiful, and that's not much joy to a tired and hungry man. By the way, never noticed much ground in New York—this is a novel sight. Will write a monograph on it for the Royal Geographical Society.
Curious how different a lion looks when he's out of a cage. Never experienced any peculiar emotions when looking at lions in a menagerie, but to-day I can dive or swim on seeing two at a distance. They looked positively forbidding.

Lions came during the night and took away three natives from the camp. I was going to give the night watchman a talking to, but it appears the lion got him while he was asleep. Think of returning to the railroad; there is a sense of security in a train, for one can always leave the lions far behind, and besides it is much easier to explore from the observation windows.

Discovered a large lake to-day with several steamboats on it, one of them the boat of the government survey. Told them I should call the lake South, after myself, and they rudely replied that the lake had been known as something or other for the past seventy years. I said that made no difference, and I have put the lake in as Lake South (also Nyanza).
Shot a large bird to-day and will send the skin to Washington. I don't know what sort of bird it is, but I have seen similar ones in New York and London. Native gesticulated wildly and motioned me to run.

It seems the bird was a Plymouth Rock, belonging to an American planter, who had imported it at some trouble. I expressed my regret, but pointed out that an explorer could take no chances of losing a new species to science and President Roosevelt. The planter readily understood, and advised me to explore to the eastward, as the country was more settled there and the farmers had more hens.
Shot a fine specimen of deer to-day. Deer turns out to have been a young Jersey cow. The owner unleashed several dogs on me and my natives ungalantly deserted me.
Am now up a tree meditating upon the hardships of the pioneer adventurer.

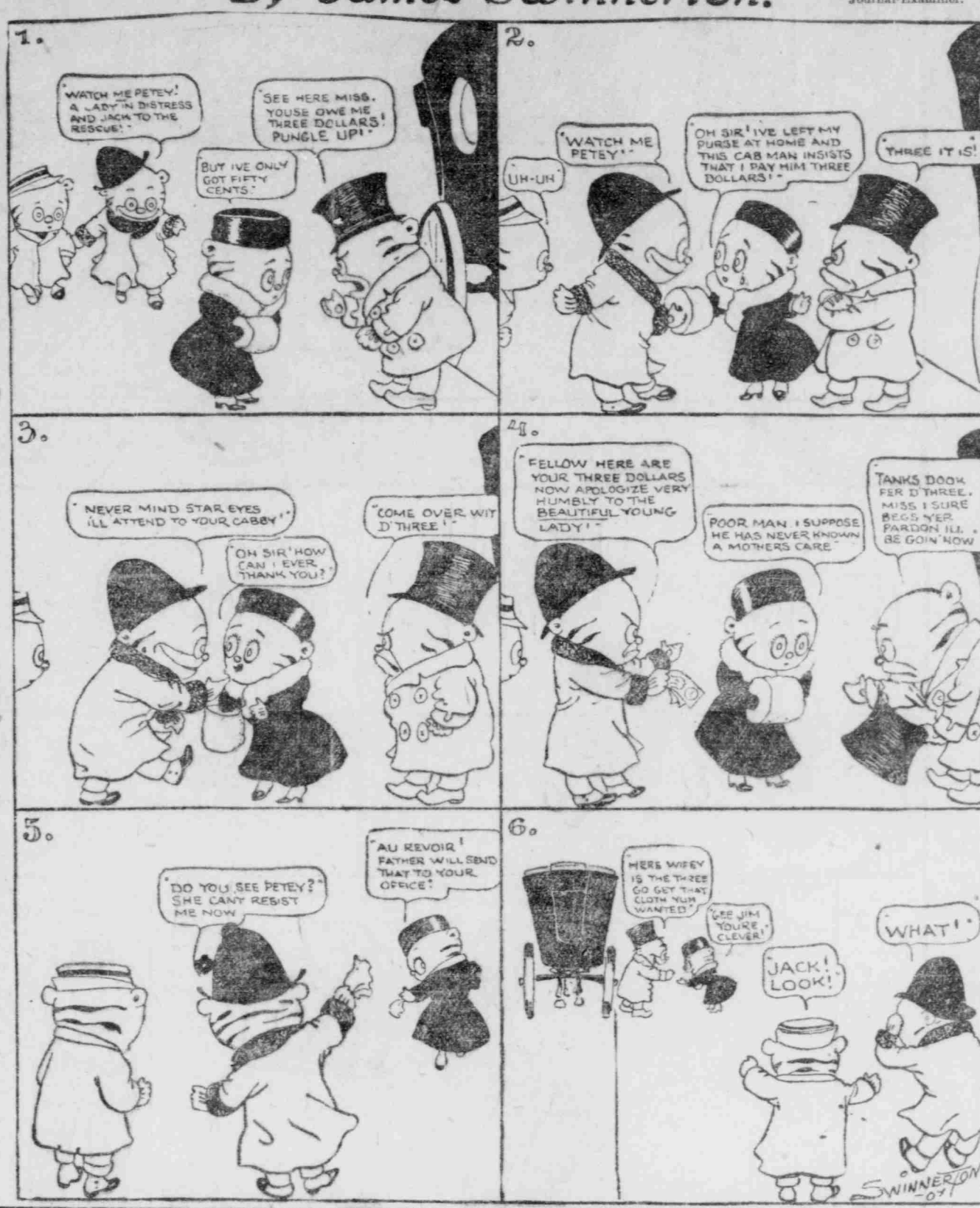
THAT KISS MICROBE.
Dick—if you are afraid of microbes why don't you kiss your girl over the phone? You can't catch anything by kissing a girl over the wire.
Tom—Oh, yes, you can. I kissed mine over the phone the other day.

JUST FOR A CHANGE.
Landlady (reading)—I see that Skinner is the grocer who is advertising something new in coffee pots.
Old Boarder—What is it—good coffee?

A Tartar.
His Lordship—So the beggar you turned out this morning was coarse and abusive?
Valet—Abusive, my lord! Why, he might have been your lordship himself.—Punch.

Mr. Jack Pays the Cabby.

By James Swinnerton.



The Meeting of the Kings.

By WEX JONES.

King Edward. Kaiser Wilhelm. King Alfonso. King Haakon.

Place, The Isle of Wight.

ALFONSO—Did I tell you what the kid said yesterday? He threw away his bottle and—

EDWARD—Deucedly clever, indeed, but—

HAAKON—Say, you should hear little Olaf. He has the cutest kid—only yesterday he said—

WILHELM—My grandson can—

EDWARD—Looks like rain, I fancy. My word! there's a pipkin just gone by.

ALFONSO—Caramba! I tell you your Olaf's older than little Alfonso, and—

HAAKON—Olaf's intelligent.

ALFONSO—Pooh, like a Norwegian herding.

HAAKON—Better than a Spanish onion.

EDWARD—Here, I say, you know! This won't do, really. As much bally noise as I fancy there is in the White Palace in Washington.

WILHELM—Ah, a great ruler, that grand Roosevelt! Always saying something.

EDWARD—Between ourselves, Wilhelm, he makes me fagged, as they say in the States.

WILHELM—I exchange professors with him, and what do you think, the last one is a British subject.

EDWARD—Ha, ha! Wonder if Punch got that—devilish funny.

WILHELM—He's a great ruler, all the same. Do you know, I'd like to have a German Republic with myself as President. Then I wouldn't be hampered by all this constitutional business.

EDWARD—As for me, I've got bothers enough now.

WILHELM—Yes, but think how fine to discharge regiments, run fleets, regulate finance, improve the family—

ALFONSO—And what fun to go shooting bears whenever you felt like it. If I try to do a thing now they—

EDWARD (yawning)—Feel like a drink, Wilhelm?

HAAKON—Little Olaf—

WILHELM—Wait till you have a grand son—

ALFONSO—Alfonso is the—

EDWARD—Four whiskey-and-sodas.

WILHELM—They tell me many Americans propose Roosevelt for king.

EDWARD—Poor bloke! I hope he dodges it—leastly here, y'know.

WILHELM—The Americans have a great chance—Roosevelt would be the—the Wilhelm of the United States.

EDWARD—Er—seems to me I've heard a certain sovereign described as the—the Roosevelt of Europe.

ALFONSO—I tell you, Haakon, a king should be boss in his own palace.

HAAKON—That is so. I hate to see a man bossed by a woman.

EDWARD—The bally youngsters.

WILHELM—Wait till they're grandfathers, then they'll know.

EDWARD—Well, here's our drinks.

'S lue.

WILHELM—Prest!

HAAKON—Skaal!

ALFONSO (raising glass)—Skaal!

EDWARD—Look out, Alfie! You're watching through the window.

ALFONSO—Er—that is, I don't feel like a drink just now. As I was saying, little Alfonso—

HAAKON—Little Olaf—

EDWARD—Let's make a sneak, Bill.

WILHELM—Hans mit us, Ed! (Exeunt.)

The Cheaper Way.
"Do you know, hubby, that when I go to Ostend I shall dream of you every night!"
"If it's all the same to you, I would prefer to have you stay with me and dream of Ostend."—Fliegende Blätter.

Hint to Housekeepers.
A penny spent on a receipt file will often save pounds in litigation.—Judge Emden, in Reynolds's Newspaper.

The Hallroom Boys Find Some Easy Money.

Every Little Bit Added to \$13 Per Makes Just a Little Bit More.



THE MAN HATERS' CLUB.



At Home in the White House.

By WEX JONES.

GREAT sport to-day. Delegation of persons opposed to drinking champagne arrived, but Loeb told them we were actively engaged on matters of great international import.

We were engaged on international business of great importance—namely, hearing that fat Hinchyana out of the East Room. I jumped in after her—I mean, we jumped in after they—Hinchyana's singular, although he's big enough for several—anyway, after three fat wrestlers had been thrown, I jumped in and tossed Hinchy against the window. He'd have gone out only he was too big to fit through the opening. Jussaraud exclaimed, "Bully, c'est magnifique!" Fine fellow, Jussy, with a great understanding of an ambassador's job.

We were greatly disturbed in our slumbers this morning. We had placed a fine badger under a rolltop desk occupied by Root in the State Department, intending that we should have rare sport in the afternoon by drawing the badger out with a bull terrier. The badger clawed up little Root's leg, and he raised a great rumpus. We must surround ourselves (or is it ourself—must write the Kaiser on this)—with better sportsmen.

Great Spanish bull-fighter, Guerrito, passing through this country, and we commanded him to call upon us in our White House. Didn't seem to be up to much—think our help apparent could knock his block off—but ordered a number of bulls turned loose in the Blue Room. Guerrito slipped on the floor and one of the bulls stepped on his toe. He yelled and muttered about his corn—mollycoddle. Caught the bull by the tail and swung it out of the window. Great sport!

Corking dog-fight in the kitchen to-day. Pleasant day's amusement.

Great fuss in the place to-day. Turned three bears loose at the Cabinet meeting, and you should have seen our Cabinet members beating it. Had to jump in and make rugs of the bears by myself—I mean—we mean, that is, by ourself.

Indoor football practice a great success. Nearly every room in our Executive Mansion filled with squads running through signal practice and tackling. Must get some heavier furniture.

Bout for heavyweight championship of our world pulled off in the East Room. Jefferson won in five rounds, and then we exchanged a few wallops with him ourselves. He hit one of ourselves rather severely on the nose.

THEN IT WAS UP TO HIM.
"Miss Ethel," he began, "or Ethel, I mean. I've known you long enough to drop the Miss, haven't I?"
She fixed her lovely eyes upon him with a meaning gaze. "Yes, I think you have," she said. "What prefix do you wish to substitute?"—Tit-Bits.

WIFELY ECONOMY.
Husband—What! Another new dress?
Wife—Well, don't be so cross. I bought it with my own money!
Husband—Your own? Where did you get it from?
Wife—I sold your fur coat.—Bocian.

SHE THOUGHT SOP.
When asked if she thought it de trop To accept diamond rings of her brop, Miss Mary grew shy.
And said with a sigh:
"Better try it, I'm sure I don't knop."—Princeton Tiger.

GOOD BOY!
Bill—What made you think that she was pickled?
Phil—Well, she was wearing a ring-garotte.—Harvard Lampoon.